Jobless Oblige Chapter 1

dailydallying.com/jo/jo1/

7/7/2016

Chapter 1 – Meeting in the Past

■ ■ ■

I wanted to become Cheddar-man.

Cheddar-man was the hero of the bedtime stories father would tell me at night.

Cheddar-man was an ally of justice!
He loved peace and helping others.
Wearing a cloak and flying in the air, if he heard a voice calling for help, he would immediately head to that place to help.

He was willing to sacrifice himself if it was to protect the ones he cared for.
If there was a person who was hungry, he would tear off a piece of his cheese-face and offer it for free in order to help them.

Of course, since he was an ally of justice, he did not forgive evildoers.
If a villain arrived and caused suffering to the masses, he would immediately rush to combat them.
Even if the villain was very powerful, Cheddar-man would never run away.
By mustering his strength to fight for love and courage,
his Cheddar-punch would always defeat the villain, reforming their evil ways.
Evil was punished, and peace would return.

Back then, when I was only five years old, they were very compelling stories.
I really wanted to meet Cheddar-man, but where could he be?
I asked father once before, but with a bitter smile on his face, he merely said, “He is in a faraway place right now, so seeing him isn’t that easy… but if you are a good boy, maybe one day you’ll meet him.”
At the time however, I thought that Cheddar-man was somehow still relatively close by.
It puzzled me why I always thought that…

It was possible that the very reason was my father.
I remembered a time when father would take the time to look after poor people and give them food.
Are you hungry? Has it been more than a day since you have had anything to eat?
I remembered father asking the woman of the beast tribe who was clinging to his foot this as he distributed food to her.
What was given was some meat and cheese.

My father is Cheddar-man!
I held the conviction that my father was actually the hero in the stories I was told for a long time.
I heard from a friend of my father who was once a former enemy.
The heroic tale of when he and my father had once battled.
The very existence of a country hung in the balance on the outcome of that one battle.
Famous warriors of that era had gathered, battled, and died.
And in the final battle, he fought against my father.

In the end, he was defeated and his forces capitulated to my father's.

While he was in the middle of recounting the heroic tale, he mentioned something.

"The me in those days had been wrong. I was evil, and your father was just. But I was far mightier, and your father had no chance of winning."

However, he fought.
He did not run away.
For the sake of protecting his loved ones, he mustered his courage to fight and decidedly won with a single punch.

Hearing that, the me who was still a child considered it.
There was no mistake.
Father was Cheddar-man.
He was an ally of justice.

With that, father became the person I admired most.
And I thought that maybe I should also become an ally of justice.
Then, like Cheddar-man, I too could safeguard peace!
But, how can I become one?
When I asked my father's friend, he answered it in this way:

"You can achieve it with effort. Strengthen your body, and learn the ways of the sword and magic."

Listening to those words, I decided to learn how to use the sword from father's friend.
It doesn't mean that I couldn't be taught swordsmanship or magic from mother and father, but I wanted to conceal myself and improve and then gallantly arrive at a critical moment, amazing them.

So, learning from father's friend was the most suitable course of action.
Anyway, it was also because he was the head of one of the three major schools [North God Style] , "The North God Kalman."
At first, my father's friend was unwilling.
He felt that he was still too inexperienced as the head.
However, father's boss would also advise him, so he arranged to have me instructed in the sword.
The friend of my father became my master.

While learning the sword from my master, I also was taught knowledge required to be an ally of justice.
It seems that there was a time where master also aimed to be an ally of justice as well, so he taught me various things.
Even if the villain was much stronger, you must fight on and obtain victory.
Even if you must fight, make sure it isn't for the sake of fame or rewards.
Even if it might appear a certain way at first, do not judge good or evil solely based on appearances.
Though it seems that there were various other teachings, these three were the most important ones to remember.

In accordance with what I was taught, I enrolled into Ranoa Magic Academy at the age of 7 while always trying my best to become an ally of justice.
I belonged to the student council at school and went around suppressing all the bad guys around campus.
At school, there was the occasional upstart adventurer or influential noble's child, but they were no match for me.
Every time they committed an injustice, I appeared and dealt out punishment.
There was never a time when all evil in the school had been eradicated, but as an ally of justice, I had managed to find a place in the school where I belonged.
I was able to make many friends, and I was popular among the girls too.
The teachers acknowledged my efforts as well.

However, only my youngest older sister who saw me laughed at me scornfully.

“Zeke, you are such an idiot~”

In those days, I did not understand the meaning behind those words.
But then, my youngest older sister was slightly strange herself.
She was always walking along with her pet dog and didn’t speak with people very often.
Loving mischief and naps, always doing some tiny misdeed, and either slacking off in her studies or just lying around.
A whimsical person who knew not what they wanted to do.
And so I thought those words were also just another whimsical thing spoken by my sister.

It wasn’t until after I had graduated from the magical academy that I began to understand the true meaning behind those words.

■

I learned the basics at the magic academy in our hometown, and celebrating my adulthood at the age of 15, I left my hometown in Ranoa Kingdom and went to a school at Asura Kingdom.
I left my hometown without telling anyone.
Though parting with my family and master was a sad thing, it was also the first step in becoming an ally of justice.
Making use of what I have learned up till now, I would do my best on the next stage.
I was overflowing with such hope.

Asura Royal Academy.
It was a beautiful place, partly because many years had passed since I had last come.
The school buildings were as large as those of the Magic Academy, and the interiors were abundantly decorated in glass and lace.
The uniforms mimicking the Magic Academy were gorgeous as well, and they suited the beautiful nobles of the Asura Kingdom splendidly.
If my younger sister were to see it, her eyes would be full of pleasant sparkles.

However, the only sparkling thing as far as I was concerned was a dull gray school building.
My gray school life.

Is the current state of things because of someone’s oppression?
No.
Because I underwent such strict training by my former master, having a hundred fencer’s worth of skill coming out of mock battles, of course there’s no way any of these guys would be able to do anything.

So I was ignored.
Thoroughly.

There was only one reason for this.
Because of my hair color.

My hair color was green.
It seems to have been inherited.
This green hair color is the color of the Spelled Tribe.
The Spelled tribe is supposed to be a race of devils, and 400 years ago, many of them supposedly did terrible things.
Therefore, in the world of humankind, they still associated green as an ominous color and discriminated against those who have the devil’s color.

Up till this point, I had never really been caught up too much in regards to my hair color.
The reason was because my father and mother repeatedly told me that none of it was true.
While certainly, the Spelled had probably done some bad things during the war 400 years ago, that had nothing to do with anything devil-like.
When actually conversing with someone, that would immediately be understood.
Actually, my uncle is a member of the Spelled tribe and even a cousin of mine is as well.
When I meet with them to talk, I know I am normal.
Well, Uncle is a bit stubborn-minded though.

Actually taking a moment to mention it now, in my hometown, the matter regarding my hair color was never really discussed.
Around the time I was born, mother seemed to have been seriously disturbed about something. The first person I met surely seemed startled when he saw my hair that time, and the adventurers would walk along the road and whisper rumors as they went by on occasion.
However, it was only to that degree.
Actually, I have not heard of anyone speaking ill of the Spelled tribe in Ranoa Kingdom for that matter either.

However, in Asura Kingdom, it was very different.
When I showed up to the entrance ceremony, someone screamed out “It’s a devil!” and the place was in an uproar.
Teachers and Guards appeared and surrounded me.
If it’s always going to be such a situation, I would, as an ally of justice, make an immediate decision to fight for them.
However, at that time I had no idea what was going on.
I did not understand why I was being surrounded.

When I asked what was going on and gave my name, they somehow came to a conclusion and dissolved the encirclement.
But because the students were still clamoring, I was escorted to another room.
Then, a teacher gave me a series of various explanations.

Because the Asura Kingdom is a society primarily of the Human Tribe, the tradition of believing that the Spelled tribe were devils still remains.

In the first place, I am not from the Spelled tribe.
My uncle is so, but he’s not connected by blood, and the matter of my hair being this color is simply the result of a mutation.
Though I said so, whether or not I was actually from the Spelled tribe was actually irrelevant.
The problem was that I appeared to be -like- the Spelled tribe.

The entrance ceremony ended safely, but afterwards, I was isolated.
No one tried to speak with me, and so, I, in turn, ignored everyone else.

Nevertheless, I still intended to be active in meting out judgment as an ally of justice.
If I did that, then surely everyone would understand.
They would understand that I was a good person and would disregard the matter of my hair.
It was like that in my previous school, so it should be the same this time too.

With such feelings in my chest, I helped rescue a timid, lone boy on the other side of the school building who was being accosted by many other boys.
However, even though I helped him, he would not speak to me.
Though when I think about it now, if he were to have conversed with me, he would definitely have been bullied even more…
At that time though, I couldn’t understand the reason for it.

Still, I intended to be an ally of justice.
If I pressed on, then surely it would become reality.
The reason why was because this is what I was taught by my master.

However the next day, some senpai had come.
He explained the influence of the “Top Class” at this school, that the guys I beat up belonged to it, and how they were the next in line to become the heads of their families. He arrogantly told this to me as well after stressing how much influence those nobles carried inside the Asura Kingdom.

“Your father has our gratitude. If it was not for the friendship Her Majesty has with your father, you, with your green hair, would have certainly been kicked out before the day ended.”

Gratitude to my father.
Those words became like a sharp thorn which deeply pierced my chest.

Father was a great person.
He established a base in Magic City Sharia, he’s one of the [7 World Powers] , and he’s a trusted friend of the Dragon God Orsted.
It’s no exaggeration to say he’s Top Brass.
He even had a private army at his beck and call.
[Ru-do Mercenary Corps] they’re called, and besides that of Ranoa Kingdom, there were branch offices all over the world that can even be organized into a great mercenary organization.

Besides, the King of the world’s largest country, the famous Asura Kingdom was also a close friend of his.
And at one time, she had even gone to this same school.
Not only that.
Father is old friends with the headmaster of the Magic Academy. Plus, he’s also the public face and manager of the town’s Ru-do Mercenary Corps. He also associates with presidents of other large companies. In fact, in every country across the world, he has connections with powerful people.
And it’s not just about connections.
He himself is a remarkable magician. He acquired the knowledge to develop the powerful armament [Magic Armor]. He can peer ahead several seconds into the future with the [Demon Eye]. He can move around at super-high speeds, possess powerful magic which can even kill a dragon with a single blow all while manipulating two things at once.
And on the subject of power, even my Master, who is the head of the North God School, acknowledges the superiority of my father.

Just on the above-mentioned things, my father is considered to be one of the people with the greatest authority in Magic City Sharia and the Ranoa Kingdom.

And I… am the son of such a father.
The words of the Senpai cause me once again to realize that.

And at once, all the days I lived in Ranoa Kingdom were remembered at the same time.

Even if I walloped someone, in my self-assumed role of an Ally of Justice, no one ever said anything.
Everyone put up with me.
Ah, that’s right.
In the Magic City Sharia of Ranoa Kingdom, with me being the son of my father, who could bring themselves to complain?
Ah, that’s right.
Though I self-importantly proclaimed that I was an ally of justice, saying “Stop doing these kinds of things!” as I went

to clobber them until they quit, there was never anyone there to oppose me.
And it wasn't because I was right.
The reason they didn't defy me was because they had no idea what my father might do if they did so.
Even if father had no intention of intervening in any way, it made no matter.
The only important thing was that I was his son.

And thanks to the thorn stuck deep in my chest, I completely understood it for what it was.
Under the umbrella of my father's influence, I had just been lording it over everyone.

And here, in the Royal Academy of the Asura Kingdom, was somewhere my father's heavy influence did not extend to.
It was only as far as the Magic City Sharia's reach…
Still, I am afraid of no one.
However, senpai seems to know to the bitter end the level of his house's influence and in fact recognizes that his house is greater here; that's why he spoke his complaint.
Even with just the trivial reason — the color of hair, he could cause me to be completely disregarded.
It may be because there are so many nobles of high status attending the Asura Royal Academy.
However, it might be the case that even the students of the Ranoa Magic Academy might have done the same to me if my father was only a mere merchant or something.

I wasn't an ally of justice.
Backed by the influence of my parents, I was just a brat foolishly imitating one.
This is the reality of my life.

But even if the reality was so, I did not ever fail to believe in the heart of justice.
Even if I misunderstood and was under a false pretense, I cannot believe the very effort I put in to dispense justice would have made things any worse.
However, the meaning of the words of my older sister, "Zeke, you are such an idiot~," once I understood them, I felt as if I had been finished off.

And now that I completely comprehended it all… it became near impossible to continue on as before.

On that day, I stopped being an ally of justice, and my gray-colored school life began.

■

That gray school life continued for several months.
There is no one I talk to, and there is no one who talks to me.
Of course, I don't even play at being an ally of justice.
I wonder, even if Cheddar-man was ignored by the people he helped, would he find it difficult to remain an ally of justice?

With the state of my affairs like that, my older brother who had entered school a year before me came to visit me once or twice. But that still did nothing to change the situation.
I, in my isolation, gradually stopped going out for classes anymore.

Of course, it's not that the classes were boring.
The lectures about the cultural differences between Asura and Ranoa were interesting, and the lessons on mathematics and economics because of the noble's study requirements were far above the Magic Academy's.
However, as far as I was concerned, I was relatively indifferent to those kinds of classes, and the will to learn soon faded.
Skipping classes, lying down in the yard behind the school, and watching the clouds instead became the way to go.

It was the rule in my family that I must attend this school for three years.
But to be honest, I thought I would quit halfway through.
I don't have any friends nor any desire to learn.
Going to school in that kind of situation, what kind of meaning is there in a life like that?

If there was possibly someone I could consult, then somehow I might get a reasonable answer.
For example, my older brother.
But, having come so far, the shock of being so completely denied is too big for me to handle, and I didn't even have the mental capacity to even talk to someone about it.

However, such a gray school life that I had abruptly ended on a certain day.

I met HIM.

No… should I say that I encountered him? Perhaps it's better to say I found him.
When I was sitting down in the shade of a tree in the yard behind the school and watching the students, there was one boy who noticeably stood out.

It seemed like he was in a similar situation.
Isolated, ignored by everyone, given the cold shoulder.
All this time I thought I was the only one.
However, unlike myself, he didn't screw around and properly attended classes.
Though he had to endure his peers and even the cold attitude of his teachers sometimes, he still studied hard.

And just when it seemed I had finally found him, it seems he also had found me.
He, on that certain day, came before me.
He raised a hand and began talking to me in a relaxing way.

"Say, are you not going to class?"

Looking closely at him, he was very peculiar.
Is he a dwarf? Or perhaps just some blood of the dwarf tribe flows in him? He was low in height and wide of breadth.
Yet somehow he looked decidedly solid; it was only at first glance that he seemed fat.
However, it was not his figure that stood out.

"Will you not go together with me? I am looking for a school friend who I can learn together with… Is it because of your hair color? Is that why you aren't able to make any friends?"

His hair was a brilliant blue.
It was a different color than to mine.
However, it was a color which would very much stand out in this school.
He was ignored in the same way as me and treated coldly.

"…"

"Please treat me well!"

I was silent as I stood up, did he regard it as me giving approval? He stuck out his hand before me.
Someway, somehow, I reached out and grasped that hand.

"My name is Pax. And yours?"

"Zeke."

Thus, that is how I became friends with him — **Pax.**

■ ■ ■

TL Notes:

Zeke – ジークハルト Ji-kuharuto (Seighardt, Zieghardt whatever) They call him ジーク here, and I'm just not calling him Jeeku or something stupid. Zeke is a badass name for the hero we don't even deserve. Son of Sylphiette and Rudeus, honorably named Saladin (middle name) by Perugius as some form of an honorable thing. Web chapter 235 if you care to check it out.

Cheddar-man – Clearly a play on Anpanman. Look it up. Funny stuff. (Even 'Ren and Stimpy's' Powdered Toast Man is applicable here, and to be honest, it was the first person that came to my mind while he was being described.)

Spelled – Yes, the dreaded "what is SUPERUDO???" as far as I'm concerned, all the SUPERUDO tribe got a spell cast on them by Laplace and become SPELLED (cursed). Going with it, deal. B-but they have spears for tails even… Speared? Don't care. I put it in Jap TTS engine, it comes out 'spelled,' It's Spelled.

Baka-Tsuki – The only permission I give to them is a link to here, where it will be properly hosted. There will be 15 chapters in total, and completed before Aug 31.

TOC Next Page

About these ads

Jobless Oblige Chapter 2

dailydallying.com/jo/jo2/

7/14/2016

Chapter 2 – Presently, unemployed.

□ □ □

“Zeke!”

I heard a voice.
A voice I’ve been hearing every day.

“How long are you going to sleep! Get up!”

I woke up.
Raising myself upright and looking out the window, the sun had already risen high into the sky.
And when I look away from the mirror, my white-haired mother was standing there, glaring at me with a hand on her hip.

“Don’t let your lunch go to waste, hurry up and get eating.”
“… Ah.”

Having obeyed mother’s words, I left my room without even changing my clothes.

“And don’t just clean your room whenever you feel up to it!”
“O~kay.”

While giving the appropriate replies to all of mother’s sermons, I walked across the hallway and down the staircase.

“Good morning.”
“… Morning.”

In the dining room was my red-haired mother.
And when she noticed my appearance, I felt her glare come at me.

“Hurry up and eat!”
“… Yeah.”

From above my seat at the table, there was a basket with a cloth draped over it.
When I went to remove the cloth, I found the usual breakfast of bread, soup, and salad waiting for me.
Of course, it had cooled down long ago.

While being glared down by Red Mama, I ate.
I don’t particularly dislike meals that have cooled, but her glare made it a bit hard to eat.

“So, what are you planning on doing today?”
“… Nothing much.”
“Why don’t you go look for a job!”
“Red Mama, though you keep telling me to, I am quite proud of where I’m at right now.”

But having said that, I saw that my red-haired mother's mood turned sour in the blink of an eye.
And my red-haired mother is very scary.
When I was young, if any of us did something wrong, she would immediately catch us and blister our bums until they turned bright red.
Though having grown up, such methods have abated, but even until now, the fact that she could still do so remains as one of our weak points.

"What have you got to be proud about?"
"I'm proud of what I am proud of. At the present, I am very proud of the life I lead!"
"I can't see the first thing you would be proud of about that."
"Red Mama, that's because you only know the one facet of me."
"……"

My red-haired mother does not have the tongue for sweet-talking.
When it comes to arguing, there are few people she can defeat.
However, if we were to include fencing in that, even if you looked around the world, the number of people that she couldn't defeat would be quite few.
So, when she became unable to find the words to retort with, she would instead turn silent and just outright deliver a walloping blow.
This is why her nickname was [Mad Dog].

But she doesn't hit family.
I mean, as long as I didn't do anything *that* bad, I wouldn't get hit by her.
Thus, her mouth took the shape of the character へ, and she just continued to silently glare at me.

"……"

For me to escape from her gaze, I hurriedly finished eating breakfast.
It's not my intention to agitate mother.

"Thanks for the delicious meal."
"Since you seem to be free, why don't you at least deliver a bentou to Roxy. She forgot to take it with her again."

Saying this to me, at the corner of the table, a square shaped lunch box was placed there.

"Blue Mama, to still be forgetting to take the bentou…"
"Since you don't seem to be doing any work today, then at least do that much. Okay?"
"Sure. I'll take care of it."

When I finished washing the dishes after eating, with the bentou in hand, I exited the dining room as if I was trying to flee."

"Ah, Zeke… That bentou, are you going to deliver it? Thank you."

As I reached the exit of the dining room, my white-haired mother had just come in.

"If you are going to go out, aren't you going to at least change your clothes?"
"O~kay."
"Don't forget to brush your teeth too…"
"I get it, I get it!!"

Just to escape from the nagging of my white-haired mother, I returned to my own room.

"Ugh!"

All while taking no notice of the exasperated sigh of my mother behind me.

□

My name is Zeke.
Zieghardt Saladin Greyrat.
But everybody calls me Zeke.

I am the second son of the Greyrat family who resides in the Magic City Sharia of the Ranoa Kingdom. I am the fourth eldest of six brothers and sisters.
I have two elder sisters, one elder brother, and two younger sisters.

I am currently unemployed.
Unlike my older brother, I don't help father with his work; similar to my oldest sister, I haven't gotten married; I haven't started any studies like my younger older sister; I haven't even found work at a good company like my older younger sister; and lastly, I don't go to school like my youngest sister.
So, after graduating from school, I chose to idle instead of working.

However, with how things are now, I'm neither dissatisfied nor in any hurry to change anything.
Rather, I am particularly proud of being unemployed.

Everyone else is bound by their obligations.
Money, reputation, glory.
For the sake of acquiring these things, they will bend over backward, laugh when they don't want to, ignore corruption, and even abandon the weak.

However, for the jobless, there is no need to deal with any of those things.
Because the unemployed are neither compensated nor rewarded.
When to bend over backward, laughing when you want to laugh, passing judgment on the wicked, and helping the weak.
The only one who could possibly do such a thing is someone without an occupation.
Being jobless is a noble existence.

And because of that, I will never get a job.
Well, by job, of course, I am speaking of one where you receive compensation.
Adventurers, artisans, and merchants are the ones that never change.
It's said that when one receives compensation, one also can also be obligated.
Though I can't say that it's bad to live a life bound by obligations, it also can't be said to be noble, either.

After I decided to shoulder the task of being unemployed, I never once asked for any kind of compensation.
However, I don't want a misunderstanding.
Even though I haven't asked for any compensation, I have also not refused anything requested of me.

I help people out for free.
That is why I advocate that being Jobless is a noble thing.

"Ah, Zeke. Thank you very much. I was about to spend my lunchtime here without anything to eat."
"You're welcome."

From the time I left the house, about an hour has passed.
I went towards the Magic Academy, in service to deliver my blue-haired mother her bentou.
For me who isn't currently working, it's an easy task to go to that place.

“As a reward, should I give you some pocket money?”
“For such a little thing like this, I don’t need any reward.”
“Is that so…”

Like that, I do not accept any rewards.
The unemployed should not receive any rewards.
There is nothing cheaper than free.

“But, won’t you need some money so you can go job hunting?”
“Ahahahahaha. Ah, It’s already that time, let’s talk later.”
“Ah, hey, Zeke…”

Under a cover of deceptive laughter, I escaped from that place.
My blue-haired mother probably had something extra she wanted to say, but in the end, I only said “Thanks” and bid her farewell.

I think you may have noticed by now, but I do have three mothers.
A mother with white hair, a mother with red hair, and a mother with blue hair.
Father was very affluent, and because he was not a follower of the Milis faith, he took three wives.
I am the son of the mother with white hair; however, when it comes to each of the mother’s children, there isn’t any particular favoritism.
Likewise, we children also treated each of them equally as if they were all our mothers.
When I try and explain this to any acquaintances who are of the Milis faith, they can’t seem to fathom a relationship to a mother who isn’t connected by blood, but for me, it’s an ordinary thing.

All of us children were looked after by mothers who didn’t show favoritism.
And presently, without any of them showing partiality to me who is jobless, every day I am greeted with the words “Go find some work.”
Though the individual words are different, the meaning is the same.
No matter how much I try and explain how noble it is to be jobless, they show no signs of understanding it.

Well, as expected, I realize that I can’t make them understand me.
Even though I help the family by doing things, when it comes to the mothers, I am a good-for-nothing.
If it wasn’t for the affluence of my house, I would have long ago been thrown out.
Yep.
I know.
Now, the reason I can even talk all high and mighty like this is thanks to the backing of my parents.
Though I am told to go find some work, I am grateful to my mothers for not throwing me out of the house.

However, when it came to the matter of father, I avoided him.
Honestly, when it came to what my father might say, I was terrified.
I wonder what my father might say if he saw my present situation…
From the time I was a child I have had deep respect for my father, and it was so tremendous that it’s hard to bear.

Because it’s like that, I wait until it’s daytime and then take a stroll out of the house.
This town, Magic City Sharia, is both small and spacious.
So as long as I don’t go to where my father will be, then it is likely that I will probably not encounter him.
The odds of meeting him at the Magic Academy were high, but today father happens to be in Asura Kingdom on a business trip.
Even if he were to suddenly return home, there is probably still no chance he would show his face here at the Magic Academy.
In other words, I can’t go back home.

I would be scolded by the mothers, and I don't want to be subjected to more pain.

Therefore, I am hanging around a part of the Magic Academy.
Visiting a certain room in the research building.

"Lala-nee, are you here?"

I opened the door while giving it a cursory knock, and inside the room, many things were packed away.
So much junk that I had no idea what it was used for and large amounts of paper scattered about.
What was written on the papers were primarily Magical Formations.

I enter into the room, careful not to step on any of the papers.
Then, from the back of the room, a huge dog leisurely showed itself.
Close to 3 meters in size, it was a big dog.
This is my immediate older sister.
Lala Greyrat.
She was a regular human being until she became an adult. Then, when she finished the adulthood ceremony of the beast tribe and came back home, she had become majorly hairy.

"Wan!"
"…"

Ah, that was a lie.
This dog is our family pet, Leo.
According to my older sister who he is always with, he is there to protect her.
He is her protector and bodyguard.
Incidentally, may I say, he was the first victim of the wild and whimsical older sister.

"Is Lala-nee back there?"

Leo nodded his head, so accompanying him, I go look into the adjacent room.
There is a bed installed there, and there was a strange lived-in smell. On the bed, there was a lone girl sleeping.
It is a girl with blue hair who looks to be about 14 years old.
Because she was the daughter of blue-haired mother who was of the demon tribe, though she appeared to be around 14 years old, she has in fact already passed the age of 20.
Incidentally, she is single.

"gogah~… gugah~…"

She is currently sporting an unladylike figure while just wearing one shirt and a pair of panties, and although she was scratching around a sweaty area, she remained fast asleep.
Her sleeping posture is bad, and her snore is dreadful.
Her sex appeal is nonexistent.
Even if I say that though, there is probably someone…
Naturally, they'd be single?

After I quietly closed the door to the bedroom, I returned to the laboratory.
There is only one chair to sit down on.
Like those for private use by royals, it was a soft and fluffy chair and clearly a special order product.

I look at one of the pieces of paper scattered about that has come into my hand.
It's definitely a magic formula that's written on it.
I wonder if it is perhaps magic from the summoning system for use with a magic square formation.

After my older sister graduated from Asura Royal Academy, she became a researcher at Ranoa Magic Academy.
As for her research subjects, they are summoning magic and divination magic.

With summoning magic, whether from far away or another world, Magic Beasts can be summoned. It's magic used to create quasi-living entities.
With divination magic, it's magic that can reveal the pros and cons of choices that may cause certain events to occur in the future.
Though I don't specifically know the underlying aspects of the research behind those fields of study…

At any rate, my older sister spends almost every day sleeping away.
With the research funds being provided by the school, every day is spent being a hopeless idler.
And that is not noble.
But I imagine it resembles me to some extent.
Of my theory on Noble Unemployment, she is one of the few people who understand.

"But y'know, even though I have free time, I still do plenty of research…"

Since the last time I came here, the number of papers increased.
Here and there are theories written down as memos.
Though she sleeps in the daytime, perhaps the only time she is active is at night?

"Woof."

While I look at the paper, Leo approached and placed his head on my knee.
Leo the dog, for as long as I can remember, had lived in our house .
Somehow, father, for all of our sakes, summoned this guardian beast to protect us.
Though it should have been summoned in order to protect all of us siblings, nowadays, it has become my sister's exclusive charm.
For some reason or another, my sister is somehow special to Leo.

"……"

When I gently pat Leo's head, in return, he only licked my hand.
Leo favors my older sister.
But it's not like we were ever disliked by him.
Perhaps for him, he too was concerned about me being unemployed.

"Are you also worried about me?"
"Not really."

Out of nowhere, I suddenly heard a voice.
Naturally, the one speaking wasn't Leo.
When I looked up, I noticed that my older sister had come out of the bedroom.
As always, she is in just a shirt and panties and in a completely unladylike state.

"Don't you know it's rude to enter the room of a young maiden without permission?"
"Eh? But I did properly knock though."
"Then it's fine… Leo."

When sister called for Leo, he left from my lap and headed over towards her and curled up.
And in the middle of Leo, who had become a round shape, she sat down.
He had become like a sofa.

“For what reason did you come?”
“Just killing time.”
“I see, then it’s fine to take it easy.”

Following her advice, I sank my body into a chair.
Probably because this is the place where she had just woken up, some sleepiness still remains.
Because the chair is of such quality, I might just fall asleep in it.

“Zeke. ‘That’, are you still doing it?”
” ‘That’? ”
“Cheddarman.”
“Um- …yeah.”

That’s my older sister though. Even if I was hiding someone, she would immediately discover them.
Secrets too, would also be immediately known.
Discovering things is her strong point.

“For how long are you planning on continuing?”
“Now that, I don’t know yet.”
“Hmm…”

Even if I was keeping something secret, it’s not like my sister would tell anyone in particular about it.
Even when she knows, there’s never a time when she would threaten me with it.
So because of that, I find it comforting to be able to spend time with her.

“…”

When I think about how silent my older sister is, she began to casually roll a nearby crystal ball that she had picked up with her hand.
Though to the eyes, it looks just like a crystal ball, for the sake of furthering her divination magic, there was a complex magic formula incorporated into it.
Father never said anything about it. Though he had bought it for her as a gift, it had to be a specially ordered product, and likely it was quite expensive.
I feel a little shiver knowing that items like this have just been strewn about in some corner of the room.

She sits there cross-legged holding the crystal ball.
Looking at it objectively, it seems like a dubious ritual.
But when magical power is poured into that crystal ball, I can see it is operating something within.
However, I have no clue what I am looking at.

“Zeke.”
“What?”
“Papa is returning home today.”
“Eh? Wasn’t he supposed to be on a business trip for another 3 days…?”

Divination magic is divination.
Though it’s said to be shady nowadays, it’s long since continued being practiced from back in the days when the human and demon tribes were at war, and it’s a historically noble magic.
Formerly, at least every big country always had at least one person on hand who could use divination magic, but nowadays that practice has completely died out.

Because, excluding the more charismatic divination magicians, even the most practiced users can’t see anything but the trivial parts of the future.

Still, even after looking at the future matters, the rate of accurate interpretation is said to only be about 20%.
Long story short, most of the divination magicians who send in questionable magic power into a crystal ball use suggestive expressions and insinuations to make others believe that those events are actually probable. They are a real shady bunch.

In the past, a magician of each country often times affected their country's future path with their divinations. Since a while back though, the number of those who practiced it have decreased, and these days, the number of people learning how to do it are practically nonexistent.
According to the history teacher and if I remember correctly, with the advancement of magic and magical tools, there was no longer a need to depend on the slim probability of an accurate divination.
While it can be learned at the Magic Academy, until my older sister enrolled in a divination magic class at the Magic Academy, I hear that for a long time the number of students who enrolled in it was zero.
To be honest, I think it's quite shady as well.

But, as it is with my sister's whimsical nature, she chose it as a major course of study.
While there might be a purpose behind it, because it was something my whimsical sister did, there probably is no actual meaning behind it.

"I just saw white mama cheerfully picking out a pair of white panties. So probably, papa will come home. Perhaps his work ended early."

It's not that my sister isn't a charismatic divination magician, but by just using that expensive magical tool, it seems there's never a time she can't see something there.
However, the probability of using divination to pinpoint the thing I want to see is very low.
In that case, the things the practitioner saw, combined with other information, allows them to derive the correct interpretation of what was inferred.
Of course my sister is dead on with this skill.

I think it's fine that she has no pride.
Because mother is cheerfully selecting her underwear, father will return today.
What? Even under pain of death, I won't ever call her an ordinary divination magician.
To them, who teaches things like "You should always phrase everything you say in a roundabout way and assume it is an important matter in the future as much as possible."
And should you be divining for other magicians, "Deep in the mountain range is a lone giant.
If a giant were to throw snow at a midget, the midget would panic and run back to his home" is the style in which one should speak.
Though it seems there is a reason for expressing things that way… if they were instead like my sister who doesn't need to put on airs to appear to be effective, then wouldn't there be no need to label it as something shady?

"Then, I just won't go home today."
"Are you still avoiding papa?"
"Mm… well…"
"Always like that. Zeke, you are such an idiot~"

This is my older sister's favorite phrase.
Sister always ends the conversation with "…you are such an idiot."
In the old days, I often wondered if they held any meaning in them, though she says it to pretty much anyone, so it might just be a bad habit after all.

"It's good to be an idiot."
"I see."

My older sister casually tosses the expensive crystal ball which lands somewhere with a thump, buries herself into Leo, and yawns.
It seems she still intends to sleep.
Behaving like usual despite even having company around.
I didn't mind that my sister went back to sleep and decided to pass the time leisurely until the early afternoon.

□

Early Afternoon.
I said goodbye to my older sister and wandered around the town aimlessly.
I still had a bit of time before a certain store I was waiting for would be open.
So in the meantime, I took a look at things around the city.

Quite by accident, I discovered a carriage at a standstill before me.
A carriage wheel connected to the axle had broken and had scattered various packages onto the ground.
The owner of the carriage and an attendant were gathering all the scattered packages strewn about the ground while appearing distraught.
Nonetheless, the two soon had all the packages loaded back onto the carriage.
I didn't plan to go over there and impose on them to help repair what broke off the axle, but I wasn't going to just leave either when I considered the likelihood of the goods being stolen, so I also asked if they needed a hand with repairs.
Though it seems like they really are in trouble.

"Shall I lend a hand?"
"Oh, it's you Zeke… I'm saved! I was really troubled. I had almost arrived at my destination too, but…"
"Then, shall we fix that axle?"

I lift the carriage up and fix the back up at the proper working height.
Slipping in under it, I hardened the axle by using some soil magic.

"It's nothing more than first aid, but it should hold fine for about an hour."
"As expected from ya…"

The merchant was watching with admiration as I went about repairing the axle.
I took lessons in carriage repair at the Asura Royal Academy.
Why at the Royal Academy? You must consider that when it comes to knights and nobles, traveling in carriages is a commonplace thing.
And it's for that very reason that they taught the methods of repairing them at school.
Though, a noble would never repair a carriage by themselves.

Afterwards, I casually lowered the carriage down, reloaded the packages, and helped the merchant up onto the coachman's seat.

"Yeah, you really saved me there. Please let me pay you something. Though I don't have too much coin on hand…"
"No thanks, it's free of charge. Just because I helped you doesn't mean I did it for a reward."
"Is that how it is? …You are indeed a child of the Greyrat family. And a truly splendid person too."

From those words, giving me an immense feeling of satisfaction, I left that place.

"Yo~ Zeke-kun, good job today!"
"Oh, Ossan*, thanks!"

Suddenly, from the fruit shop's boss, he threw a red fruit he was holding over to me.

Apparently, it seems the boss had seen some of the series of events with the carriage.
I took the fruit, brought it to my mouth, and bit right into it.
It had a bittersweet and refreshing taste which spread in my mouth.

“Should we be troubled, we’ll be counting on you.”
“Sure, as long as I happen to be free at that time.”
“Ha ha ha.”

This fruit is not considered compensation.
The reason is because there was no connection at all with the merchant from before and myself.
Besides, if the fruit shop’s boss is troubled, I would help him regardless of being given this fruit, and at that time, I wouldn’t ask for a reward then either.
In other words, this fruit is a freebie.

“Ou~, Zeke-kun! Because of your help the other day, I managed to get some good quality meat in stock, so thanks a lot!”
“You’re welcome.”
“Yo, Zeke-kun. Thanks for your help recently! Thanks to you, a healthy child was born!”
“No, no, I’m just glad I passed by accidentally.”
“Zeke! We’re about to play hide-and-seek after this, do you wanna come too!?”
“I have to quit for now. I have to get home before it gets dark!”

When I walk through town, various people call out to me.
The butcher shop’s boss was troubled by his stock, the wife of one of the garrison’s soldiers suddenly went into labor on the road, and even the neighborhood brats.
To everyone, I am just a good samaritan.

I kill some time while wandering around while thinking on things, and while I do, the sun sets. It seems that I have come to the place that was my destination all along.

□

-The Drunken Goblin-.
In this town, this bar is the most inconspicuous place to be.
There isn’t particularly good liquor, and the cooking here is only so-so.
Despite that, thanks to the dark and quiet atmosphere, a customer enters.
Preferring the dark and quiet atmosphere, there are only people possessing scars from head to toe.

Entering the bar, I immediately found a face I recognized right away.
A small man with a bald patch at the top of his head called George.
I took a seat in front of him.

“Yo, George, how’s business?”
“Zeke… today is looking good. A lot of money came in!”

As he works in the market as a day-laborer, he earns his cash on a daily basis.
Although he could be called a little scoundrel, it’s not to the point I would interfere. Though, little misdeeds might be accumulated, and I haven’t had any reason to judge him to have done enough bad things to be a villain.
If I were to judge him as a villain, then as for all those brats who live downtown, I would have no choice but to annihilate them all.

Business is always good for him; he always earns plenty of money everyday, is always in a good mood, and always happily gulps down his beer.

Strangely though, there was no visible sign of him becoming richer.
Maybe he's the type who's not attached to money?

"George, have you heard any interesting rumors?"
"Interesting ones? In the usual sense?"
"Yeah, in the usual sense."

George is a contact man.
He sells off all the information he obtains in the market here in this bar.
So, here at times, I can learn a stock of other information.

"Let's see… it might be a little bit dangerous."
"If it's just a 'little,' then there's no problem."
"Recently, there appears to be some strange medicine circulating in this area."
"… Medicine?"
"When inhaled, it makes people feel as if they were floating up to heaven."

It's drugs.
It's a devil's drug, which drives a person to become an invalid.
Father pays meticulous attention to make sure that this is not distributed here in the city.

"Where?"
"As for where the pushers are, I don't have a clue. But recently, the head clerk of the Reiji store, or so I have heard, night after night goes to visit a certain warehouse with no sign of other people. Incidentally, I've also heard that he's become awfully influential these days as well."

That doesn't necessarily mean that he's guilty.
However, the chance that Reiji Shop's head clerk is related to this matter is probably high.

"And the location of this warehouse?"
"I don't know precisely where it is. However, there are only so many warehouses that Reiji Shop owns. So if we were to talk of a warehouse that was devoid of people…"

From George, I managed to elicit the expected location of the warehouse.
As for me, I have passed through the neighborhood several times throughout the day.
And I hit upon a warehouse that, even at midday, has few signs of life around.
It's not even an exaggeration to say it's unmanned even at night.

"Thanks, yo."
"Hey, it's all good. Oh, that reminds me, I want to hear anything you have on your sister, okay?"
"About?"
"Your older sister, you have one called Lala, right?"
"Ah, I do."

George is a generous guy after all, so he's not going to take money from me.
However, he will ask me this and that instead.
And I tell him what I can.
It's not compensation.

Even if I don't have any new information for him, George will still tell me what I need, and I am also like that.
So mutually, we never try and talk about painful matters.
In other words, this is just small talk.

“I’ve heard a story that she never comes out of her laboratory, is she doing something dangerous in there?”
“Well, it’s just the usual research in regards to Divination and Summoning magic.”
“Divination Magic? Is that something like fortune-telling?”
“I dunno. Because Lala is so whimsical by nature, there might not be any meaning behind her doing it.”
“Ah~”

George does not desire money from me.
But then, George is an information broker, so the information that he gets from me, someway somehow, is turned into money.
But in all likelihood, there isn’t a way.
Because he is not nobly unemployed.
It’s not my fault if he went barking up the wrong tree.

□

The time is now midnight.
Stores are closing, and customers, in pairs and trios, are returning home to their beds.
The time when people fall asleep.
The end of the day.

But my time is not yet over.

Notes:

Ossan: an informal way of addressing a person older than the speaker.

Lala: There is probably an established name for her as well. But it’s not on the BT* names & terminology page, and I didn’t feel like looking through 300 chapters for whatever chapter she is born in for the name, so it’s Lala for now at least, may edit later.

White/Blue/Red Mama: A reference to Sylphiette, Roxy, and Eris respectively.

Prev Chapter TOC Next Page

About these ads

Jobless Oblige Chapter 3

dailydallying.com/jo/jo3/

7/20/2016

Chapter 3 – Presently, an Ally of Justice

□

On the night of the crescent moon.

Somewhere in a corner of Magic City Sharia, there was an old warehouse which went unnoticed.

It was there, at a certain company's dead stock warehouse which had fallen into disuse.

Despite it being such a place, there was a something there which shone faintly.

It was a light from a candle.

Rather, two candles.

In the warehouse, there were two people of whom were wearing hoods to cover their faces.

The two approached each other silently…

"The door of the house…"

"…must be tightly shut."

In a low voice, they each confirmed the password with the other.

"The usual stuff, were you able to arrange it?"

"Yeah, it's top of the line stuff."

One party asked the question, and the other party answered. The sack which one of them was holding was placed onto a table.

And then, its contents were revealed.

Inside it, a large number of brown bags were packed tightly together.

The man who had brought the bag reached in, pulled one out, and then handed it to his companion as if telling him to check it.

When the other man opened the bag, he put a finger inside, and after he took it out, there was white powder stuck to it which he then licked.

With that, he then nodded.

“It’s high quality. When this is all sold, it should amount to a small fortune.”

“Then, I’ll gladly buy this from you.”

Saying that, the man who licked the white powder pulled out a small pouch from his pocket, and from within, he removed three gold coins.

“Whoa, no matter the reason 3 gold coins is… These are really Asura gold coins? Is it alright?”

“It might be a bit high to hand over to the guy who arranged for such quality goods, but I’d like to think of it as an investment.”

Asura gold coins.

Of all the gold coins, it was the one with the highest value.

It’s said that in other countries they are valued from several times to even tens of times their own gold coins.

And there were three such pieces.

It was a lot of money.

One could live and play around for quite a while in this town with that sum.

“Or perhaps, it is cheaper?”

“N-not at all, don’t be ridiculous. It’s more than enough.”

Before the man in front of him has time to say otherwise, the money was pocketed.

Seeing it before his own eyes and after the money was paid, the sack was pushed in the direction of the other man.

The transaction was complete.

The man who paid the money took hold of the sack in hand and closed it up. The man who received the money took care to put the coins in his purse and then stashed it away on his body.

After that, those two men, much in the same way they arrived, also left in silence. The man who transported the powder here proceeded to make arrangements for next time, and the man who bought the power will sell it somewhere else.

This is, of course, the unspoken agreement in this kind of shady business.

“But y’know, isn’t it a bit risky to be dealing this in the town?”

However, it shouldn’t become an issue.

The man who transported the powder raised his voice a little as he was concerned.

“What do you mean by ‘Isn’t it risky?'”

“This town is practically under the thumb of the Dragon God Orsted. Also in addition to him are the Magic King Rudeus and North God Kalman. If you try to sell that stuff with those dangerous guys who control this town, I’m telling you it could become a pretty bad situation. Or possibly, you are telling me you have a plan for dealing with that matter?”

“Whadda’ya know ‘bout that?”

“… As for Magic King Rudeus, the rumors say he is persistent. From out of nowhere, you’ll suddenly be buried up to your legs in trouble.”

“Ah.”

The man nodded his head as if he had been convinced.

Dragon God Orsted.

He was called one of the «Seven Great World Powers», and in this world he alone is considered to be the strongest in the world.

The two subordinates following him are leading figures here in the Magic City Sharia.

The two subordinates.

The right hand of the Dragon God, «Magic King» Rudeus.

The left hand of the Dragon God, «North God Kalman III» Alexander.

The former is a magician, the latter a swordsman.

Originally, wielding his sword as the vanguard, the swordsman was very hot-blooded and was said to be as strong as an army.

But when it comes to these two people, rather than an army… no, the one known for being more extreme, is Rudeus.

At a party in Asura Kingdom, a certain noble insulted God and he got angry, and there was a rumor that a certain neighborhood was burned down completely. All the residents who lived there were completely annihilated.

That Rudeus, so pleased with this town, called his Rudo Mercenary Corps to this town as his private army, as if it belonged to him.

If one goes about starting up that kind of “business” as they please in this town, what would become of it…?

“But those’re probably stories that’ve just followed him. I’ve been in this town for a while, and Rudeus hasn’t paid me any mind, so I don’t really know what’s there to be worried about, as long as it seems as if I’m not touching onto this guy’s turf, then I should be able to do it as much as I’d like.”

The man shrugged his shoulders as he said it.

Yes, even Rudeus is human.

Since he is nothing less than human, then he also has things he’s fond of, things he concerns himself with, and things he is biased against.

So, if he is human, then he is harmless to the operation, and as long as the view doesn’t become an eyesore, then he should remain indifferent.

The man, finding such a loophole, planned to sell as much of his powder as he can.

His drugs.

The Devil’s Medicine…

And so, the man who obtained great wealth laughs.

Being a man who relaxed in a luxurious house built upon all the people he had stepped on, vulgar laughing resounded.

However, right at that moment!

“I won’t let you do it!”

In the warehouse, a voice echoed.

“Who’s there!?”

The two men hold their candles out, searching the area.

And then they found it.

Overhead from the skylight, a lone man sat, looking down at them.

“Wha…”

The two men were speechless.

Was their secret meeting exposed?

No, the man had a moon on his back and a weird helmet attached.

His whole face was covered, it was a Full-face helmet.

His body was dressed in a lightweight outfit, and it was just the helmet that gave off a sense of incongruity.

“Who’s there!?”

“Fufu, me? I am the knight of the silver moon which shines in the darkness…”

The man in the helmet declared jovially.

“The Ally of Justice, Moon Knight, has arrived!”

At the mention of the name, the two men’s faces paled.

And once again, he said the same thing.

This time, it was in a calmer voice.

“Who are you?”

“Villain! To be selling these things in my beloved town! Here I come!”

The man in the helmet disregarded the second question.

Suddenly jumping down from the skylight, he dropped down and stood in between the two men.

The two men cannot hide their confusion.

“Tch, a nuisance huh! I won’t hand it over to you!”

However, he had no intention of allowing that stuff to become distributed.

The man holding the sack of powder unsheathed a sword from his waist.

Seeing the dull silver light, the man who received the money came to his senses.

“I-It’s none of your business!”

He lost his head and ran towards the exit while uttering such nonsense such as that it had nothing to do with the newcomer.

However, the man in the helmet did not let him escape.

「Ｍｏｏｎｌｉｇｈｔ・Ｋｎｕｃｋｌｅ！」

When the man in the helmet cries out, he turned around and, at a terrific speed, plunged into the man before him who had transported the powder with a fist that hammered into his stomach.

“GUFUU…”

The man who transported the powder shed blood from his mouth while he crumpled down from his knees.

“Wha…!”

The man who drew the sword trembled in fear at the display of speed and ability.

Even though that man suddenly appeared and shouted something incomprehensible, he still understood that the

man’s existence was one far stronger than him which caused him to tense up.

While having drawn his sword, the man was going to jump outside through a nearby window.

「Ｍｏｏｎｌｉｇｈｔ・Ｓｔｒｉｋｅ！」

However, the man in the helmet was faster.

Much in the same way as before, he moved towards the man before him, and this time, he drove in a precise blow with his fist right into the man’s face.

“GUHEE….”

The man’s nose caved in, and a fountain of blood sprayed out.

The man fell to one knee while holding his nose.

And then, with a face mixed with despair and perplexity, he looked up at the man in the helmet.

When he looked, he saw the man in the helmet still had his fist grasped tightly.

“Alright, I get it, I’m in the wrong, because I’m wrong….”

“Finishing blow!「Ｍｏｏｎｌｉｇｈｔ・Ｓｅｒｅｎａａａａａａａｄｅ！」”

A tremendous uppercut blasted through the man’s chin.

While the man was bent backward, he was blown away, and after making a thunderous sound, he became concerned about the pile of product on the floor.

“Judgment!”

While the man in the helmet took a moment to pose, several seconds passed.

After confirming that there were no other sounds coming from nearby, he quickly began to move.

Heading towards the bag in front of him which held the white powder.

The contents were removed and thrown onto the ground.

“Such things exist… only to corrupt the people…!”

When the man muttered those words, a flame shot out of his hand.

The flames burned the powder completely, and in just a moment it all turned to ash.

Right now, there was no one moving.

The wicked were destroyed, and the ringleader who would’ve spread the evil was eliminated.

Satisfied with his judgment, the man cries “Touu!” and leapt out of the skylight towards the outside of the warehouse.

□

The man who wears a mask ran.

Running at nighttime through the unattended town.

From roof to roof, with the moon at his back.

He ran at an amazing speed.

The man was in a certain nook of the town.

Having been involved with the development of the town, when he reached a small vacant lot, he headed towards the ground.

It was a vacant lot with nothing on it.

Even if it was just a bit wider, it would still probably be difficult to build a house on it.

However, in such a small vacant lot, it is considerably hard to see within, and only a single rope rose up out of it.

When the man approached the rope, he pulled on it with a simple jerk.

Then, an amazing thing happened!

From a small corner of the lot, there was a sound of something opening with a *bokori*, and what appeared was a staircase that continued to the underground.

It was not a vacant lot here.

It was a secret base!

The man looked around, and while confirming that no one was watching, he took light steps down the stairway as

the entrance closed behind him.

And the vacant lot changed back to the vacant lot it was before.

The man descended the stairs quietly.

There wasn't any light on the dark staircase, but having come and gone many times, he arrived at the deepest part without stumbling even once.

Then the man raised his index finger.

A small flame danced on the fingertip of the man, and the inside of the room was faintly illuminated.

On the table, there was a closet.

A sword, armor, magic tool, and scroll were in it.

Preserved foods and drinking water were as well.

While it was simple in design, it could certainly be called adequate for being the interior of a secret base.

The man moved towards the entrance and transferred the flame from his finger to the candle nearby and walked towards the closet.

With that, he removed his helmet.

What came out from inside was green-colored hair.

While there were still childish features remaining, the man is endowed with more than enough to qualify as an adult. He is at such an age after all.

"Fuu~"

As the man exhaled a sigh of relief, he opened the closet and began to change.

After taking off the clothes which are black in color from top to bottom, from the closet he takes out his original clothes and changes into them. With that, there was no longer the appearance of the previous individual remaining. There was just the appearance of a townsperson which could be found anywhere.

After he confirmed his appearance in the mirror, he left the secret base.

After coming out of the vacant lot, he walked slowly as if it was a lie that he was just running hurriedly only moments ago.

He wandered and loitered here and there like an old man, but after a few minutes, he arrived at a certain place.

A section in the residential area.

The general residents who live in the Magic City Sharia are not particularly afraid, but without having business, there is rarely a time when they will approach a certain house.

Closely bound ivy wreathed itself around the fence of that house.

If seen during daytime, there are flowers that bloom on the ivy, and it gives off the impression of being fashionably chic.

However, when you look at night, in a single word, it is ‘eerie.’

A man approaches the gate opening it and enters silently.

There is no one on the other side.

Does the man even question it? After gently stroking the ivy which was coiled around the gate, he entered the location.

A key is taken out from a pocket, and with as little a sound as possible being made, the key opens up the entryway to the house.

Qui~et~ly, the door was opened, and qui~et~ly, the door was closed.

No footfalls were made as he qui~et~ly he entered inside, and nearby the entrance was a staircase where he qui~et~ly decided to head upwards to the second floor.

“Welcome home.”

Then, a voice called out, sending a shiver up the man’s body.

“I-I’m home.”

When the man looked back, there was a woman with white hair there.

A woman who still seemed young looking, and to be truthful, it was his mother.

“Zeke, what have you been doing until such a late hour?”

Zeke.

What a thing to say!

The man of green hair. It happened to be Zeke!

What an unbelievable thing, the knight of the silver moon which shines in the darkness “Moon Knight”’s real identity, was none other than Zieghardt Saladin Greyrat!

“Ah, yeah. White Mama as well, why are you also up this late?”

“It’s a coincidence. I woke up just a little while ago.”

She had a scowl on when she approached where Zeke was frozen stiff at.

“…Fighting?”

“Eh? What do you mean?”

“Here on your neck, there seems to be some blood there.”

Zeke, in a panic, presses down on that part of his neck.

When he can see what is visible on his fingertips, certainly there is some dark red filth there.

It was probably a spurt of blood from before when he beat the drug trafficker.

“Well, I think this is something else. I’m pretty sure it was from a slight nosebleed I had on the way…”

“Haa… Because your papa doesn’t make a fuss about it, I also won’t nag you either, however, please don’t make me worry about you so much, okay?”

“Yeah, I’m sorry.”

After Zeke apologized, he ascended the stairs as if he were escaping.

“Really… He keeps changing from working to not doing anything…”

That mother, while watching Zeke’s back, sighed deeply.

□

Zeke Saladin Greyrat

The second son of the Greyrat family, and an unemployed man.

However, for his occupation: being jobless was just an alias.

His true form was the Ally of Justice!

The knight of the silver moon which shines in the darkness, the Moon Knight!

While he puts on a display as an idler in the daytime, he gathers information in the bars and adventurer's guild.

Then, on the basis of getting a sense of evil from the information acquired, he will act.

In the middle of the night, he secretly defeats evil.

After having graduated from Asura Royal Academy, he had spent his daily life in such a way since then.

Without a job.

Prev Chapter TOC Next Page

About these ads